

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1903.

No. 14.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

How carefully Nora is holding her baby sister, and how interested is Walter in watching the funny ways of this wee creature, who, according to his description is more clothes than anything else. The baby has just had its bath, and is looking particularly rosy and sweet. Nora loves to hold the baby just after its bath, because it is so good-natured then, and has the prettiest way of cooing and laughing and flapping its little arms just as the birdies flap their wings after they have been in the water. Nora and Walter declare that their little sister is so sweet that they are afraid they will eat her up some day, but, of course, they would never do that.

A FIT OF SULKS.

Helen and Dorothy had been playing together all the afternoon. They are cousins, and they have such good times.

On this particular afternoon they had swung each other in the hammock until they were tired. Then they had dressed dolls for nearly an hour. Then Helen had given Dorothy a ride in the doll's carriage. It is a large carriage for a doll, but a little girl has to curl up as snug

as a kitten to sit in it. Dorothy, who is half a year older than her cousin, had played teacher with Helen for a scholar. Then—O joy!—Maggie, the maid, had brought out two saucers of ice-cream for

the little girls, and that was when the trouble began.

You see, Helen thought that Maggie had given Dorothy the larger share of cream. There really wasn't any difference to

glum. Then her lips began to pout, and when Maggie noticed it and asked her what ailed her, she burst out crying and said Maggie was "partial" to Dorothy, and she was "a mean old thing, anyway." With

that she set down her saucer and went and stood by herself against the wall in as silly a fit of sulks as one would often see.

It was quite a while before the silly girl calmed down enough to go back to her saucer of cream, which was very nearly melted by that time. So it happened, as it usually does, that the discontented child was worse off for making a fuss. And how much more lovable is a person who is content with his own share?

BEGIN AT ONCE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus.

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured to impress on his mind the necessity of early piety.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man!"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance, added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."

A bad thought leaves a stain.



THE LITTLE NURSE.

with little Helen. She began to look very

ON GUARD.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp, and clever,
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out, he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this most dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue.

—Jewels.

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TORONTO, JULY 11, 1903.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

The apostle John, who is called the disciple whom Jesus loved, when writing to the early Christians, bade them "love one another." A little girl, who had learned this beautiful Bible text was asked by her older sister what it meant.

"Why, this is what it means," she answered. "I must love you and you must love me; and I'm one and you're another."

Surely this little girl understood the meaning of this text. If we all learn its meaning, and then try to carry it out in our daily lives, what joy and happiness we

will bring into the lives of others. There is nothing which makes people so happy as to be loved, and the more we love others, the more we shall be loved ourselves, and, best of all, the dear Lord Jesus will love us, for he has shown us the greatest example of love the world has ever seen, and he has bidden us to love everybody, even those who do not love us. So let us do as he has told us, and he will surely bless us.

LIVING THEIR VERSE.

BY PANSY.

Hildreth had come to play with Evelyn and Lucia. They all wanted to go out and slide down the big hill behind the carriage house, but Evelyn and Lucia could not go until they had learned their Bible verse ready for their father in the evening, and had put the play-room in order. They had been fussing over these things for a good while, saying, "Oh, dear! I just can't learn that verse; it's too hard!" And, "Oh dear! just look at this play-room! It will take hours to clear it up, and we'll not have any time to play!"

When Hildreth came they were nearly ready to cry. It turned out that she had the same verse to learn, and that she thought it "awfully hard."

"Why don't you live your verse, and learn it in that way?" asked Aunt Miriam, looking in. "There are three of you, a name for each."

"What do you mean?" asked Evelyn and Lucia in the same breath.

"Why, isn't your verse about faith, hope, and charity? A name for each. Suppose Evelyn should take the name of Faith, Lucia should be Hope, and Hildreth should be Love? That is what the word charity means in this verse. In my Bible it says love." She opened her Revised Bible and showed them the word. Each little girl was pleased with her new name. They said the Bible verse together, each putting in her name in the proper place. "Now abideth, faith, hope, love, . . . and the greatest of these is love."

"You are the greatest," said Evelyn to Hildreth, "because your name is Love; but I don't see why? Why is she the greatest, auntie?"

"See if you can't find out," said Aunt Miriam. "Go to work now, and live your names! You two girls have this play-room to put in order. Faith cannot say that she doesn't believe you will get it done, because she would not be true to her name. What will you say, instead, little Faith?"

"Why," said Evelyn, "I must say, 'I just believe if we go right to work we can get it done in a little while.'" As she spoke she picked up an empty box and began to fill it with blocks.

"That is excellent," said Aunt Miriam. "Now, Hope, how will you help?"

"I'll say, 'Oh, I hope we can get it done in time to slide some before dinner.'" "

"And to show that you really hope it, what will you do?"

For answer, Lucia began to fold the dollies' dresses that were strewn about the floor, and put them away in her drawer.

Suddenly Hildreth clapped her hands. "I know what I'll do!" she cried. "I'll say 'I should just like to help you, Faith, and Hope,' and then I'll pick up these picture books and put them in nice order."

"That is the best of all," said Evelyn, "because it is so nice to have help, and Love needn't have helped unless she chose; it wasn't her work. And the picture books are the hardest to fix, because some of the leaves are out of their places."

Then they all stopped to laugh, because Aunt Miriam said, "And the greatest of these is love."

In less than an hour they were all out sliding.

HOW THEY DID IT.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy. "Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I'll not carry it!" said the little cousin with a pout.

Mother looked from her open window and saw the trouble. "One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins. "They all took hold of it together," said mother, "and they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all hard things in this world," said mother, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help."—Selected.

LEARNING TO DRINK.

A Sunday-school teacher was teaching a temperance lesson to her class of mission scholars, and asked them this question:

"Boys, I wonder how people learn to drink?"

A bright little fellow answered: "I know; by tasting."

Was he not right? Don't forget, girls and boys, that if you once begin to taste it will not be long before you will want more. The best way, the safest way, is never to taste strong drink. A good rule is "Touch not, taste not."

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I saw two little dusty shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master nests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside;
Now, don't you think it mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch, and wait, and wait,
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp
The livelong summer day;
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away.

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all the night,
Unwashed and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed, 'twould serve him right!"
—Our Little Men and Women.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. [July 19.]

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

1 Sam. 12. 13-25. Memorize verses 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart.—1 Sam. 12. 24.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who tried to make slaves of Israel? What did Saul do? How did the people feel about it? Where did Samuel call all Israel to meet? Why? Was Saul among them? What offerings did they make? Peace offerings. What was done to Saul? How was a man made king? The high priest anointed his head with oil. What did Samuel then do? What did he say of Saul? "The king walketh before you." What of him? "I am old and gray-headed." What did he bid them do? What sign did he have from the Lord? Was it in the time of rain? No. What did the people do? Were they afraid? Yes. What did Samuel say to them?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read Samuel's words to his people. 1 Sam. 12. 1-12.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 12. 13-25.

Wed. Find what great mistake Saul made. 1 Sam. 13. 5-14.

Thur. Read what to do with mistakes. 1 John 1. 9.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read how Samuel began the service of the Lord. 1 Sam. 2. 18.

Sun. Find what is said of his death. 1 Sam. 25. 1.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God is ready to do the best things for us.
2. That he cannot do them for the unready and disobedient.
3. That it is better to love than to fear.

LESSON IV. [July 26.]

SAUL REJECTED AS KING.

1 Sam. 15. 13-23. Memorize verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was Saul at first? What did he grow to be? What is our own wisdom often? Foolishness. What was Saul in battle? Were his people proud of this? Yes. Why was it wrong for him to offer sacrifices? Only the priests had a right to do it. Was it also wrong to take the flocks of the enemy? Yes. How did Samuel talk to Saul? What noble thing did he say? Golden Text. What terrible sentence was passed on Saul? What did Saul say? What did he want Samuel to do? Was Samuel ready to do it? Not at first. What did he see in the heart of Saul? A will that was not fixed to serve God wholly. Do you know any hearts like Saul's?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read how Saul failed of obedience. 1 Sam. 15. 1-12.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 15. 13-23.

Wed. Read about Saul's repentance. 1 Sam. 15. 24-35.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn what David said about repentance. Psa. 51. 17.

Sat. Find what kind of service God wants. Isa. 1. 16, 17.

Sun. Read why the Lord rejects men. Isa. 59. 1, 2.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That the humble heart is nearest to God.
2. That to obey is better than sacrifice.
3. That we must listen to God rather than to the people.

The Lord knows each one of us by name.

THE LOST BABY.

BY RUTH NORMAN.

When Mary was six years old a little baby came to live in her home. She loved her dearly, and begged mother to let the baby sleep in her bed, and when Margaret was three years old, the little sisters slept together in Mary's room.

She awoke one night and heard Margaret crying. The room was quite dark. She felt all around, but could not find the child. She called, "Where are you, little sister?" The poor frightened little child sobbed out: "I do' know. I dess I'm und' the bed, p'rhaps. So Mary called to father, who came with a light. Sure enough, there was the baby "und' the bed," just as she had said. Father picked her up, and she was soon in bed again with her arms close round Mary's neck.

"Don't ever let me be losted again," she said, and after that night Mary always pushed the bed close up to the wall, so that the tot could not fall out.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Now, dolly, dear, I'm going away;
I want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes, nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess;
But sit quite still, and I will come
And kiss you soon as I get home.
I'd take you, dear, but then, you know,
It's Wilhelmina's turn to go.
She's sick, I'm 'fraid, her eyes don't work;
They open worse the more I jerk.
She used to be so straight and stout,
But now her sawdust's running out.
Her arm is out of order, dear;
My father says she's "out of gear."
That's dreadful, isn't it? But then,
The air may make her well again.
So Dolly, you'll be glad, I know,
To have poor Wilhelmina go.
Good-bye, my precious; I must run,
To-morrow we'll have lots of fun.

—St. Nicholas.

A HERO AND THE SABBATH.

When General Grant was in Paris, says Humanity, the President of the Republic; as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the Republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant, in a polite note, declined the honour, and said to the French President: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country, nor with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshippers.



BUDDHA.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

Just when I'm having such good times
I never had before,
With all my playthings spread around
On table, chairs, and floor;
When it's dark behind the sofa back,
And black dark under the stair,
And I wonder what strange animals
Perhaps are lurking there;
And think I'll go a-hunting them,
And begin to clean my gun,
Then mamma shuts her book and says,
"It's bedtime, son."

Outside the window by my crib
I see the sky all red,
Where the poor old sun, like me, I s'pose,
Has been carried off to bed.
He never sees the fire-flies dance,
Or hears the whippoorwill;
He never sees the rockets dart
Straight up from Signal Hill;
He never sees the wee star eyes
Wink open, one by one.
I wonder now, who says to him,
"It's bedtime, sun."

BUDDHA.

The word Buddha—pronounced as if it were spelled Bood-a—means "The Enlightened One," and is the name given to a teacher of one of the greatest heathen religions of the world, and who is now worshipped by a great many people in different countries.

The religion is called "Buddhism," and the people who believe in it are called "Buddhists." Some say there are more than four hundred millions of people who worship Buddha, and others say there are more than seven hundred millions. There are about twenty millions in Japan.

These people believe there have been a great many worlds—more than we can number—that have come and gone, and that to these worlds have belonged Buddhas

more than we can number. Their ideas about the worlds seem to be that the earth is destroyed and then renewed again—for they believe all of the Buddhas "are born in Central India." It is very hard to understand just what they do mean. They believe that one Buddha is born, and after a time passes away, and then another one comes. They say this world has had four. Of the first three they know but little; but the fourth one, whom we have already mentioned, was a Hindu prince, named "Gautama," who was born nearly six hundred years before Christ. He was a good man, and spent much time in earnestly studying how men might be saved. He thought they might save themselves, by controlling their thoughts and actions—that if they would lead pure lives they would find salvation.

But the lives of those who profess to be his followers, as well as of all mankind, show how much they need our Jesus to help them to do this, and that without them there is no salvation.

Gautama did not teach the worship of gods, nor claim to be more than a teacher himself, and he chose to be this in order to help men to lead good lives, rather than to be heir to his father's throne. Some years after he died, however, the people worshipped him as a god; and, as time has gone on, many changes in Buddhism have taken place. Another Buddha is expected, and the people think that "the first male child born in any Buddhist country, with fingers and toes all uniform in length, and ears reaching to the shoulders," will be the one they are so anxiously looking for.

Dia Butz is the largest of the images of Buddha. It is made of bronze, and is so large that the inside of it forms a temple, where the people worship. The city near the site on which it stands has gone to ruins, but the idol is visited by thousands of people. It is forty-five feet high, and just one of its thumbs is large enough for a man to sit on. None but the ignorant actually worship the idol, but Buddha, whom it re-

presents. There are a great many Buddhist temples and idols, and a great many priests.

HOW PUNCH AND JUDY WERE FED.

Punch and Judy were the names which Bess and Robin gave to two little lambs which were born on their papa's farm. When the lambs were but a few weeks old the mamma sheep died, and so papa brought them to the house to be raised by hand. Mamma knew that this meant trouble, but the children were delighted with the idea of having two such live pets to take care of and to play with.

It was soon discovered that Punch and Judy, small as they were, had minds of their own. They preferred to have their milk served to them as their mother had been used to serve it, and no other way would suit them. Mamma tried to coax them to drink from a saucer, but they only cried in a pitiful way that nearly broke Robin's heart. Then she attempted to feed it to them from the basin with a spoon, but though the children tried to hold them still with their arms around their necks, the lambs were not used to a spoon, and refused to be fed that way. Judy cried again, and Punch, with brotherly indignation, which made the children laugh in the midst of their distress, put down his little head and bumped the dish out of mamma's hand, spilling all the milk upon the ground.

Mamma said, "Oh, dear!" then she laughed, too, and went into the house for more milk.

Then Bessie hit upon a bright plan. A new oil-can was standing in the shed. She ran and brought it to her mother.

"Sure enough," said mamma, "we'll try that." So she put the milk in the can, placed the end of the spout in Judy's mouth, and tipped it up so that she tasted a little of the milk. At once she stopped trying to pull away from Bessie's arms, and in a moment more was contentedly taking the milk from the spout of the can. Punch looked on, and evidently concluded that it was all right, for after Judy finished her meal he took his as quietly as Judy had done.

After that the children took turns feeding the lambs, and it was a funny sight, you may be sure. They had to be very careful not to tip the can too high and choke them, but they soon learned to manage it very well, and quite enjoyed the fun.

There are many wonderful uses for paper. It is used for shingles to cover houses in Japan, to pave streets in the city of Paris; and water-pails, wash-bowls, and many cooking vessels are made of it in our own country. It is cheap, light, and durable.